

# The Evolution of Dentistry

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

The history of dentistry in America is the story of the evolution of a science from a trade. Although the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Hindus are said to have practiced crude dental surgery, and although it is asserted that artificial teeth of brass and gold have been found in mummies in the tombs of the Pharaohs, dental medicine, as it is understood today, is a development of the last hundred years. In fact, scientific dentistry in America has come into existence during the last three-quarters of a century. It is said that modern dentistry "was conceived in France, cradled in England, and matured in the United States."

In colonial days many persons in this country held it sinful to attempt to replace teeth or to attempt to arrest their decay. The Puritans particularly objected to such unholily practices, declaring that when God in His judgment decided that the teeth should become useless it was as wicked to try to repair them as it was to walk under an umbrella, in violation of the Scriptural law that the rain should fall upon the just and the unjust, or to try to prevent baldness. There was also a widespread belief that cleansing the teeth with a toothbrush might cause fatal hemorrhage from the gums.

Persons who did patronize dentists, however, were not free from moral scruples, were ashamed to admit that they resorted to such means of preserving their teeth, and the dentist who valued his clientele did not speak to ladies of fashion in public, no matter how many artificial "grinders" he put in for them in private. It was not uncommon for a lady whose teeth demanded attention to make an engagement with the dentist to call at her house before daylight, or enter by the rear gate, and do the work behind closed shutters. Dentists at that time, by the way, traveled about with "kits" of home-made tools. It was not until the second quarter of the nineteenth century that the profession began to be generally recognized and practitioners worked in their own offices.

During the last decade of the eighteenth century there were a few dentists, more or less broadly educated, practicing in America. Jos Le Maistre came to this country with the French army during the Revolutionary war and won a wide reputation as a transplant and extractor of teeth. James Garrigue, who had studied medicine and served two years in a Toulon hospital before he came to America, performed many dental operations upon military officers when Rochambeau's army was at Newport, R. I. He afterward settled in this country, practicing a short time in New York, and nearly forty years in Philadelphia, before returning to Bordeaux, where he died in 1830. But before the Revolution, and for many years thereafter, it was customary for a man who wanted to become a dentist to drop some other trade and undertake the new calling without any special educational equipment. "Tooth carpentering," as it was derisively called, was a business in which the ethics of a profession had little part.

An early method of replacing a tooth was called "transplantation." A patient with a bad tooth would arrange with a person willing to sell a sound one for a stipulated sum, and the two teeth were pulled at the same time, the sound one being immediately placed into the socket from which the decayed one had been drawn. Naturally, various diseases were transplanted along with teeth, and the practice was not that account abandoned. Human teeth long since pulled were also pivoted upon the roots of old teeth, and for the same purpose teeth made from blocks of hippopotamus ivory, and from cattle teeth, were also used. It was customary for the dentist to collect all the human teeth they could get, and preserve them in jars; and a dentist who had a few gallons of teeth was well off.

When human teeth were in demand at good prices many means of securing them were resorted to, among them grave-robbing. An avaricious person, under pretense of looking for a place to which to lay away the body of a dear wife, got access to the church vault. Once inside, he left a trap-door unbolting, and after midnight let himself down into the vault. With a chisel and hammer he secured the teeth of all the dead members of his congregation, netting \$300 by the enterprise. A sutler in the French and Peninsular wars drew enough teeth from the dead bodies of the soldiers to make himself rich. He went home and built a hotel at Margate, but the patrons of the house got wind of the fact that their landlord was a ghoul, and trade fell off so that he was forced to sell out at a heavy loss.

When the first artificial pivot teeth were being used a manufacturer, whose name was Stockton, did a large business in New York and adjoining States in selling teeth to dentists. He had a large stock on hand when he invented the "single gum" artificial tooth, an improvement upon the original pattern. By keeping the secret he made a commercial success that caused no little gnashing of real teeth among dentists and dealers. Peddlers were sent out with sacks of the best teeth then known in the market reduced to cents each. They were instructed to make the announcement that Stockton was selling out to change his business. Dentists who had depended upon Stockton for their supplies borrowed money to lay in a heavy stock, lest they be out of teeth before another manufacturer could supply them. One broker in New York—there were many New York brokers even in those days—tried to corner the tooth supply, and bought all he could get. A short time after the last pivot tooth had been exposed, Stockton's agents reappeared in the market with the great "single gum" tooth. Customers of dentists immediately demanded the best the market afforded, and the old style ivory teeth were a dead loss to all who had invested in them.

Dentists, as well as dealers, guarded their trade secrets sedulously when dentistry was a trade, and it was not uncommon for one dentist who desired to learn something from another to get his colleague drunk and make him talk. Upon one occasion a lady entered the office of Dr. R. W. Bristol, of Syracuse, and displayed a fine set of artificial teeth of a type entirely new in that locality and subsequently known as "gum block" teeth. Dr. Bristol, on learning that the work had been done by Dr. Thomas Harrison, of Lockport, he found that Harrison had gone to Lewiston. Taking the first stage to Lewiston, he arrived there and found Dr. Harrison drunk behind a stove in a bar-room. The subsequent morning struck Dr. Bristol as a psychological time at which to make overtures to Dr. Harrison. Approaching him with a direct proposition to give him a suit of clothes and pay for a bath, a hair cut, a drink, and a breakfast in exchange for the secret of

gum block tooth manufacture, he made a trade. In a few months he discovered that the teeth, although fair to look upon and glove-fitting, would not stand dampness and led to pieces after a short period of service.

When Norris Leavett, of New York, patented an enamel for coating silver or gold plates the color of natural gums, he sent out an agent to sell office, county, and State rights. The agent had made \$30,000 when he arrived at Buffalo. Dr. Bristol was one of a number of dentists who assembled to discuss the value of the enamel. While tests were being made, the agent called one dentist aside and sold him the rights for Erie County, much to the consternation of the others. While testing on his bed that night, worrying over his hard luck, Dr. Bristol concluded that perhaps an enamel he used for coloring glass eyes might do. He tried it and found that it was as good as the other patent, and the Leavett scheme soon fell through.

Among the most notable American dentists who practiced at the time when dentistry had begun to develop into a science, were Eleazer and Levi Parmelee, of Vermont. After both had been educated abroad, Eleazer settled in New York and his brother in New Orleans. The former helped to establish the American Journal of Dental Science, and was one of the founders of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, the first dental college in the world. Another of the founders of this institution was Dr. Horace Hayden, who had received honorary degrees in medicine from the University of Maryland and the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia. Dr. Hayden was the first president of the institution and aided in organizing the American Society of Dental Surgery. One of the prominent dentists of this period was Dr. Horace Weiss, of Boston, who discovered the use of anesthetics in dental surgery.

Curiously enough the relation of the teeth to general health was not recognized by physicians until comparatively recent times. The dentist to-day is a specialist of the oral cavity and practices medicine as well as surgery. He is as indispensable as the purist or oculist, and many a patient who would have continued in ill health under ineffectual dosing by his physician a half century ago, is now turned over to the dentist for special treatment. The modern dentist extracts teeth only as a last resort. In treating patients to preserve their teeth and their health he uses a long list of medicines, and in his mechanical work he is aided by numberless instruments and appliances of modern inventive genius. Dentistry, like medicine and surgery, which it combines and of which it is a branch, is now recognized as one of the professions most useful to humanity, and it is in America, where the trade of dentistry had such a singular history, that the science has reached its highest development.

To-morrow—Virginia, the Mother of States.

## BLANCHARD'S FARES.

By LILLIAN WHITMARK.

"What's up?" Blanchard smiled down into Kitty's tear-filled eyes.

"The boat," she sobbed. "It left me. Most discourteous boat," said Blanchard, severely. "How did it happen?"

"I was late," she explained. "They had just thrown the ropes off and the horrid captain would not tie them up again, and there's all the girls, and I can't go."

"That's the Sunday school excursion, isn't it?" he asked. Kitty nodded her head. "They're going to Beaver Island, and I've got a brand-new dress and Ted had the lunch box, and the house is all shut up because everybody is on the boat and I've got to sit on the steps until they come home and—"

"Stop," implored Blanchard laughingly. "Three more 'ands' and you will have totaled the world's unhappiness. Not for millions would I have you sit on the front stoop all this pleasant day bereft of your family and friends. This is a serious matter, Kitty. I think that we shall have to go after the boat and make the captain apologize. Now, you wait here a little while and see what happens."

He perched the child on a dry goodbox on the dock and went off toward the street. Kitty looked out over the lake at the departing steambot, but her tears had dried. There was something so comforting about Guy Blanchard. He was so big and strong and so kind to little folks. He would do something; he had said so. Presently she heard a soft coughing sound and the faintest of voices in cheery hall. She slipped from her perch and peered over the edge of the dock.

There, just below her, was Blanchard standing in front of a gayly striped awning that concealed all but the gunwales of a saucy little power launch.

"Don't be afraid. I'll catch you. This boat for Beaver Island and the Sunday school picnic; fare, one kiss; all aboard!"

Kitty summoned her courage and made a leap, landing in the strong arms and finding herself transferred to a wicker armchair softly cushioned and delightfully shaded by the awning. On a locker stood a box of candy invitingly open, and Guy was smiling at her from a funny little pen up front.

"Now we're off," he announced, briskly. "Shall we catch up with the steamer, or beat them to the island?"

"You can't get there first in this little thing," she said with a sigh. "Can you, Guy?"

"Sure," he declared confidently. "We'll be fishing from the dock when they come back. He pushed some funny levers and made things, and the coughing began again, to rapidly change to a sharp staccato bark. The high-powered motors ran so smoothly and the boat slipped through the water so easily that Kitty did not realize how fast they were going until she turned to look back at the dock and found that it was rapidly dwindling.

"We're going awful fast," she called. "That's what we want," he answered, and she caught the use of the word "Republic" in no time at all."

"I wish Mabel was here," she said, regretfully. Guy's lips set in a straight line. His heart echoed the wish even while he knew that Mabel had been left behind, but he could not have come to the rescue. It was only a lover's quarrel, but for two weeks it had made him miserable to think of it. He was too proud to beg when he was in the right, and he could not tell from her laughing face that she was as miserable as he.

"Don't you wish Mabel was here?" demanded Kitty, receiving no reply to her first remark.

"Sure," he answered. "But she's on the Republic. What's the use of wishing for what you cannot have?"

The child lost the meaning of the wistful tones. "You haven't been around lately," she commented. "I don't like it when you don't come. Why don't you?"

Blanchard smiled grimly. How was this child to understand? "I have not had the time," he said, evasively. "I've an idea," he went on to change the topic. "Suppose you hide when we go past the steamer. Then, when they get there and find you waiting for us, you can tell them that you flew like Peter Pan."

Kitty clapped her hands at the conceit.

"That'll be fine," she declared. "How can we do it?"

"Unfasten the awnings on that side and let them drop," he explained. "It will be impossible to see you if you sit right in the middle."

Kitty flew to carry out instructions and she was just in time, for the launch had gained rapidly on the steamer, and presently they were slipping past the slow moving excursion boat. It was still an hour's ride to the island and the Republic would take an hour and a half. Kitty was so full of her new idea that she forgot the earlier conversation, and Blanchard gave a sigh of relief when at last she was safely landed without having pursued her investigation further. He was backing away from the dock when she called him. He ran along side again.

"You forgot your fare," she reminded, as her little arm went about his neck

ated abroad, Eleazer settled in New York and his brother in New Orleans. The former helped to establish the American Journal of Dental Science, and was one of the founders of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, the first dental college in the world. Another of the founders of this institution was Dr. Horace Hayden, who had received honorary degrees in medicine from the University of Maryland and the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia. Dr. Hayden was the first president of the institution and aided in organizing the American Society of Dental Surgery. One of the prominent dentists of this period was Dr. Horace Weiss, of Boston, who discovered the use of anesthetics in dental surgery.

## TALES FROM NATURE

Modest Observer Sets Down Few Veridical Notes

FEAST FOR LOVERS OF TRUTH

Investigator Shrinks from Fierce Discussion with Skeptical High Sources—The Sensitive Crab, the Grateful Firefly, and the Ambitious Adjutant Bird of India.

Lovers of nature and nature stories should find much that is interesting and instructive in the following account of unusual manifestations of almost human intelligence on the part of certain isolated subjects of the animal kingdom. The Herald representative by one of Washington's best animal investigators, the natural historian, fearing to bring upon his head censure from skeptical high sources, declined to allow his name to be used at this juncture. He agreed, however, that any one believing the stories and desiring to make his acquaintance on their account should be given his name and address upon application at The Washington Herald office.

The naturalist first related the story of the sensitive soft-shelled crab.

I—The Proteating Crab.

"Several summers ago," he began, "I was with a party of friends on a fishing trip to Annapolis Island. While perch and cut fish were our prospective prey. To tempt the palates of the pieces we had provided ourselves with bait of all kinds. In bottles, baskets, and cans. In the lot was a basket of live soft-shelled crabs, which, when cut into small pieces, made most attractive bait. We had been fishing several hours with indifferent success, and had consumed most of the bottled bait and worms. Deciding to try crab meat I reached into the basket and drew forth a fine, active male specimen. I laid it upon a towel and was about to cut it in half with my knife when a peculiar glitter in its eyes halted me.

"'Why don't you stay?' it demanded. 'Mabel will give you some of our lunch.' 'I have some here,' he laughed, as he indicated a locker. 'I'm going to have a picnic all by myself.'"

He was clear of the dock now and the launch sailed away. At the south end of the island was a little cove where he could go ashore and have lunch. It was a short task to broil the ham over the coals and heat the coffee. Then he filled his pipe and lay back to enjoy a smoke before starting back to town.

The cove was difficult of access from the picnic grounds, and not even an echo of the merry-makers reached him. He drew off, and finally fell asleep to dream of Mabel.

He awoke to find her sitting on the sand beside him. "You are not very courteous to your guests," she scolded in mock anger. "Here I've walked all the way from the picnic grounds to visit you and find you asleep."

"I wasn't expecting company," he said. "How did you know I was here?"

"Kitty said you had gone by his arms. 'But I took Kitty for half fare,' he added, and their lips met again.

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## LAST NIGHT AT THE LOCAL PLAYHOUSES.

"The Belasco—A Scrap of Paper." "A Scrap of Paper," a pretty little comedy adapted from the French of Victorien Sardou, by J. Palgrave Simpson, was presented by the Arden Company at the Belasco Theatre last night, and was warmly received by the large audience.

It is a satirical lecture on the dangers of love letter writing with comedy environments, the writer using as his text the old French proverb, "Never make love through an inkstand." The situations are acutely humorous and the lines sparkling, in fact, the whole subject is treated after Sardou's most brilliant style. The production is marked by the accession to the company of Miss Amy Board, who appears as Suzanne de Roseville, and contributes a completely satisfying portrayal, both as regards comprehension of the spirit of the role and methods of expression. She has a striking and interesting personality, enters into the action of the play with exhilarating spirit, and delivers the lines with an appreciation of their value, which in a Sardou character, is a very necessary element of success. Her whole work is pleasing, and she gives every promise of rapidly attaining a high place among the portrayals of sprightly comedy roles.

Mr. Edwin Arden assumes the role of Prosper Courmont, the great traveler and man of the world, and gives an amusing exposition of a clever man being outwitted by a cleverer woman. Mr. Edward Ellis furnishes a fine character study as Brismouche, an eccentric naturalist, and Miss Alice Butler adds abets as Mademoiselle Zenobia, his maiden sister, while Charles Hammond, Charles Arthur, Samuel Klawns, Laura Oakman, Jessie Glendon, and Rosetta Brice all appear in congenial parts.

The piece is prettily staged, especially in the second act, showing Prosper's study and museum, while the performance moved smoothly without friction. The "Forest of Arden" was extensively patronized by those having faith in the efficacy of high altitude in relieving the stiffness of terra firma.

The Columbia Theatre—"The Stubbornness of Geraldine." Clyde Fitch's clever comedy, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," was given an admirable revival last night at the Columbia Theatre by the excellent stock company there. Since this piece was first produced with Miss Mary Manning in the principal role, it has always been a popular favorite, and deservedly so, for it is unusual in its situations, clever in its dialogue, and it gives a splendid opportunity for several of the prominent players in the cast.

Both Miss Hilda Spong and Miss Charlotte Walker lend congenial roles in this play, and the work of both was most heartily commended by the large audience last night. As Vi Thompson, a breezy Western girl, Miss Walker was particularly fine; she displayed the true comedy spirit, and without stepping over the line into caricature, she gave a fine impersonation of an unusual character. Miss Spong, as Geraldine Lang, whose stubbornness is, after all, not so very pronounced, was strikingly clever, and she made the part intensely sympathetic and interesting.

The difficult role of Count Carlos Kinsky, the Hungarian nobleman under a cloud, was portrayed by Mr. Guy Combs, who hardly did justice to the part. There was little of that manly bearing about his count that justified as it did when Mr. Arthur Byron played the part—the instant falling in love of Geraldine, still, he gave a good, convincing performance; remarkable considering the short time allowed for study. Clever, indeed, was the comedy work of Mr. Herbert McKenna as Lord Tibury. Although Mr. McKenna is a trifle too light for this light comedy part, he played it with fun and skill, and especially in the funny second act he got many a hearty laugh. Mr. George Gaston, always funny, made a good deal of fun of the part of Mr. Jars, and the rest of the company was so well cast and so careful in its work that the performance, as a whole, was remarkably smooth and entertaining.

The stage settings, which for this play were a difficult, were very good, especially the steamer's deck in the first act. Altogether it is a most enjoyable performance, and one well worth going to see.

The Aborn Company in "The Chimes of Normandy."

At the National Theatre last evening a large audience witnessed a fine revival of the old favorite opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," which is a further evidence of the fact that music which has endeared itself to the heart of the people, even though it is of a generation or more ago, will, if properly sung, continue to thrill even music lovers with modern tastes. "The Chimes of Normandy," noted not only for melody but for a logical dramatic story, has probably not received in a decade such a presentation as the Aborn Company is giving.

Robert Lett and Harold Blake are the members of last night's cast who remain. Mr. Lett, extracting much comical business from the part of the Baili, and Mr. Blake singing Jean, the fisherman, William Wolfe, as Gaspard, brought the home to its feet, as is generally the case after the great scene of the second act. Mr. Wolfe deserves credit for a masterly portrayal, freed from the pitfalls of melodramatic ranting and keyed to a semblance of reality which showed temperance and excellent discretion. It is a great character portrait and was enhanced by the actor who played it last night.

Mr. Harry Luckstone, as the marquis, proved to be the possessor of a splendid bass voice. Miss Grace Orr, Myers, local favorite, was charming as Serpolette. Miss Sabery D'Oreall was hardly equal vocally to the role of Germaine, but was otherwise pleasing. She won two encores to her difficult part in the second act by an amazingly high note. The quintet was beautifully sung, as were all of the choruses. The production is in all respects a most noteworthy one.

New Band at Luna Park Entertains. The most brilliant musical season in the history of Luna Park is now in vogue, made possible by the appearance of Weaver's American Regimental Band. For the current week the hippodrome stage has been turned over to the Laurent Trio, aerial gymnasts of merit. They have an act away from all others, viewing it from a skilful and daring standpoint. Mme. Laurent, notwithstanding the fact that she is of medium build, supports heavily constructed apparatus upon her shoulders, while the two male members of the trio execute a series of intricate trapeze and gymnastic contortions upon same.

To-day will be Royal Arcanum Day at the park, and 3,000 members from this city and Alexandria will be in attendance. Beuchey's Air Ship is underlined for a series of aerial flights, commencing July 3.

Baroque at the Lyceum. The New Lyceum Stock Company has a good show this week. The two farces are tuneful and breezy, and the chorus conducts itself in a creditable manner. The olio of the company was far better than the vaudeville offering of last week. Jessie Sharpe's illustrations are being coming more than popular while May Belmont, in her usual song and dance specialty, still continues to be a feature of the performance.

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## AMUSEMENTS.

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NEXT WEEK—SEATS NOW—"MOTHS."

**PROPERTY SOLD AT AUCTION.**  
Part of Estate of Late Francis A. Miller Died in by Eynon.

Property belonging to the estate of the late Francis A. Miller, at 36 and 37 Ninth street, northwest, was sold at auction yesterday afternoon, under direction of the court, by Thomas J. Owens & Son, auctioneers.

The property at 36 Ninth street, is occupied as part of the establishment of Parker & Bridge, and was explained at the sale that the rental is \$2,400 annually. The lot has a frontage of 22 feet 2 inches on Ninth street, a depth of 95 feet and is 27 feet wide in the rear.

The property at 37 has a frontage of 24 feet 3 inches, and a depth of 95 feet. Each lot is improved by a three-story brick store of similar design, that at 37 being occupied with the paint and oil business of Vincent Miller, with a rental of \$2,400 annually.

The property at 36 was bid in for \$35,000, and that at 37 for \$31,000, both properties being taken by Edward B. Eynon, of the firm of Hinkley & Eynon. The sales were made subject to the ratification of the court.

Mr. Eynon stated after the sale that he had bought the properties primarily for investment purposes, but would be willing to sell them if he found it to his interest to do so. He said he had looked over the question carefully, and came to the conclusion that both pieces were a profitable investment at the price.

The trustees of the properties are Walter A. Johnson, R. Golden Donaldson, and Bradward W. Parker.

Adam A. Wesscher, auctioneer, sold at trustees' sale yesterday afternoon, two parcels of real estate in the G. C. Gaspar on the Bowen road, recorded as 214-24, containing 4,490 square feet, was bid in by J. Leo Kahl, real estate broker, for \$2,825. The other parcel on the north side of the Washington and Marlboro roads, recorded as 214-25, was bid in by F. V. Helthorn, for \$2,250.

The trustees are John A. Schaeffer and William H. McCloskey.

**COURT IMPOSES SENTENCES.**  
Accepts Pleas of Manslaughter by Harry Wilson.

Justice Gould yesterday imposed the following sentences: Harvey Robinson, housebreaking, three years in penitentiary; Cornelius Williams, carnal knowledge, eight years in penitentiary; Felice Infante, entered a plea of guilty to the charge of petit larceny and received a sentence of eleven months and twenty-nine days in jail; James Sargent pleaded guilty to the charge of grand larceny and was sentenced to three years in penitentiary; James Howard, housebreaking and larceny, three months in jail; Elmer Ward, housebreaking and larceny, two years in penitentiary; Samuel Richardson, who was found guilty on an indictment of assault with a dangerous weapon, was remanded for sentence.

A plea of manslaughter, made by Harry Wilson, colored, was accepted by Justice Gould. Wilson was indicted by the grand jury for first degree murder, in connection with the death of Pasquale Maranzano, December 17 last. The government was satisfied that no higher degree of crime could be made out with the evidence in the case. Justice Gould sentenced Wilson to serve two years and six months in the penitentiary.

The grand jury returned indictments against H. H. Harding for false pretenses; Lawrence Bailey and James E. Griffith, for housebreaking, and Lawrence Bailey for housebreaking.

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